

## Do You Like Eleven? by JoMo3

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**Summary:**

Mike's thoughts and feelings on Eleven during the events of "The Upside Down."

## Do You Like Eleven?

### Author's Note:

So this is my first in what will hopefully be a series. I don't think it's my best, but I was anxious to get something up before the new year.

*Hey. No more secrets, okay? From now on, we tell each other everything.*

*Okay. Do you like Jonathan now?*

*What? No. No, it's...it's not like that. Do you like Eleven?*

*What? No! Ew! Gross.*

The conversation had happened less than an hour ago, but it still ran on replay in Mike Wheeler's mind.

He'd lied, obviously, but he was having a hard time admitting it to himself.

He and the boys sat waiting in the gymnasium, and Eleven, the object of his affections, had her head resting on Mike's left shoulder.

He thought about what would happen to her when this was all over. He was hoping she'd stay with him. But he also wondered how his parents would react after finding out he'd hidden a girl in the basement for five days.

He glanced down at her; his sister Holly was the only person who'd ever laid her head on his shoulder, and that was only because she'd fallen asleep watching Bambi with him on the couch. When she'd woken up, his shoulder had hurt like hell; looking down at Eleven, he didn't think he'd mind if his shoulder ended up sore.

Minutes passed. As much as Mike was secretly enjoying this moment,

he involuntarily started bouncing his leg, getting impatient. That conversation ran through his mind again.

*Do you like Eleven?*

*Do you like Jonathan now?*

Where were they? Nancy and Jonathan...

Mike got up, startling Eleven. Walking outside, he called for his sister and Jonathan, getting no answer in return. The other car was gone, too.

Going back inside, he told the boys what he'd seen, and Eleven told them where she'd seen the two go.

The group debated what to do; Mike wanted to go after the Demogorgon with El, but agreed with Dustin, she was too weak.

That's when Dustin decided they needed pudding to recharge her. He and Lucas started walking; Mike helped El to her feet.

"Can you walk?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

He led the way to the cafeteria, the two of them lagging behind Dustin and Lucas.

Out of the side of his eye, he looked at her. She looked tired and weak. She must have sensed he was watching her, because she glanced at him.

"Mike?" she asked softly.

“Yeah?”

“Okay?”

He blushed. “Yeah, everything's okay.”

She smiled at him. It reminded him of when they walked through the woods, looking for Will, when she'd repeated his “cool” and smiled at him.

Thinking about it, he decided that's when things had changed, that's when he began looking at her differently.

The fact that with her minimal social skills, she seemed as if she understood his point. Then she gave him a small, cute, smile.

He hated it when Lucas had called her a “freak” or a “weirdo”; couldn't he see how pretty she was? Even without the costume wig they'd found for her, she was still pretty...good.

They arrived in the cafeteria. Lucas told Eleven and Mike to wait while they went and found food. Mike sat them at a table by the windows, Eleven sitting across from him. They locked eyes for a half second, then her eyes took in the room.

Those eyes. The same ones that had held his in a trance in the basement bathroom hours earlier, as she had moved closer to him. Would they have kissed? He'd never find out, he guessed (thank you, Dustin). Speaking of which....

“Mike! I found the chocolate pudding!”

“Okay!” he yelled back. Turning back to Eleven, he asked her if she was okay. He told her about pudding, and before he knew it, he's talking to her about her living with him. That's when she asks a question.

“Will you be like my brother?”

Her *brother*? Quickly he responds with a “What? No, no.”

He tries to explain why, but can't find the right words. He mentions the Snow Ball, hoping that'll clear things up, then realizes she doesn't know about school dances. Dammit. Why can't she just realize what he's trying to say? Why can't he just tell her how he feels?

He tried to explain what kind of person you take to the Snow Ball, but ends up getting tongue tied.

That's when he decides to go for it.

Never having kissed a girl, but hoping this'll explain his feelings, he leans across the table and puts a soft kiss on her lips.

When he pulls away, he looks at her with a mixture of fear and hope. And to his delight, she smiles at him.

...

Less than an hour later she gone. She wouldn't be back until months later; different but still the same.

One day after she'd returned, Nancy asked with a smile “Why did you lie that night? When I asked you if you liked Eleven?”

He responded with “Why did you lie about Jonathan?”

She smiled back at him. “Touché, little brother. Touché.”

**Author's Note:**

Thanks for reading! More will come, but they won't necessarily be like this one. Comments and kudos are loved. Happy New Year.